The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII.—NO. 9. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1871. WHOLE NO. 165.

The Poet's Corner.

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift myself above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed,
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take his slightest gifts; no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding—let me be;
I must be glad and grateful to the end;
I grudge you not your cold and darkness—me
The powers of light befriend.

SONG.

Sad sounds the dropping rain
Striking the window-pane.
Sadly the dead vine-leaves,
Drop from the cottage eaves.

Sadly the low trees sigh
As the wild wind goes by,
Bearing a sound of wail
O'er the hill, through the vale.

Sadly the maiden dreams
When the faint candle gleams;
Dreams of the bright days gone,
Ere love and hope were flown.

Sadly the grasses wave
Over the nameless grave,
Where the young soldier sleeps,
For whom that maiden weeps.

MARY AYRAULT CRAIG.

BEREAVEMENT.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul is dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
In mercy still.

Not upon us, or ours, the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought,
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he has given,
They live on earth, in thought and deeds, as truly
As in heaven.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our Special Contributors.

PEEPS AT THE STUDIOS.

MRS. LILY M. SPENCER.

A modest sign on a somewhat shabby house just out of Broadway, in Waverly Place, indicates where Mrs. Spencer may be found of a week-day, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon. The building was once a fine private mansion which, by the accidents of fortune, has been changed into a hive of business offices and shops. You push open the front door into a dingy hall with an air of having seen better days, mount a couple of dingy staircases, and tap at the entrance of the third floor front. Doubtless the door will be opened by a civil young man in attendance; and let me hope he may not say to you as he said to me: "Mrs. Spencer is not in."

However, Mrs. Spencer's young man very politely signified that I could examine the pictures on exhibition in the studio at my leisure, and I accordingly availed myself of the privilege.

The great work of Mrs. Spencer's life thus far is an allegorical picture, with figures nearly if not quite life-size, called "Truth Unveiling Falsehood." Although the press has commented a good deal on the work, it is soon to be chromoed, and in this manner will become better known to the public. Mrs. Spencer owns the picture, and will not part with it. She has also designed two others of the same size as companion pieces. These facts I learned in my chat with the pleasant young attendant, and also that the work is valued at twenty thousand dollars.

I thought, as I sat quietly looking at the picture, which, like a great magnet, draws your eyes away from everything that surrounds it, that Mrs. Spencer has strongly asserted her power by achieving a marked success in what may be called a worn-out artistic field. The world has grown weary of symbolic or allegorical pictures. One of Edward Frere's real flesh and blood children, or a bit of an interior by Eastman Johnson, it decrees, is better than all the thin, classical nymphs, or religious and moral impersonations that can be put upon canvas.

This is the taste of the time, and I am not disposed to quarrel with it; but, in spite of it, and quite contrary to the mental shiver which pictured allegory imparts, I admire Mrs. Spencer's work, and feel dimly, at least, the immense force of the idea which she has embodied. I am glad a woman has painted this picture, for, although it is far from faultless, it affords a refreshing contrast to the meaningless efforts upon which most of our figure painters spend their time. There is broad significance and dignity in the idea, and the handling is so far from feeble that the picture, once seen, is not likely ever to be forgotten. A powerful impression is at once produced, and this is what can be said of few works exhibited at the present day.

Mrs. Spencer's technical defects are those of drawing. Her color is vivid, rich and harmonious. Truth, the central figure, is represented in the guise of a female form. She is standing, and her limbs are half revealed through the white, semi-transparent robe which she wears. The figure sways slightly, and the right hand is outstretched in the act of plucking away the veil of Falsehood. It struck me that this arm is too small, or in some manner out of proportion to the rest of the body. The deep, unfathomable eyes of Truth are looking out of the picture, and the beautiful face is sublimated, though passionless.

Falsehood quivers and shrinks back from the celestial presence in a manner which is really a master-stroke of genius. You feel the creep in the monster's flesh and the sudden palsy which seizes his uncouth limbs at the touch of a power he cannot understand, but must obey. The human mask which fades, as Truth draws the veil, is crafty, but urbane. The kingly crown it has worn topples and falls, and the crimson ermined robe of royalty which has covered the revered sham sinks away and exhibits the limbs of a green and slimy beast, with a deadly basalisk eye glowing out of the canvas, and sharp tusks revealed in a snarl of impotent rage. The monster under the mask and robe is neither hairy nor scaly, but a nondescript that affects the imagination more powerfully than either. You see the human aspect disappearing, fading off visibly before your eyes, and no description can do justice to the subtle power which shows the beast lurking under the human.

Ignorance, in the form of a debased and groveling woman, kneels at the feet of Falsehood, and with one hand uplifted in a powerful gesture, appears to deprecate the pitiless vision of light, although she hides her face and refuses to behold the true lineaments of her idol. She is a hoary-headed, ungainly female form, meanly clad, and dragged forth, it would seem, from some noisome cellar. To the guardianship of Falsehood she has entrusted Innocence, under the aspect of an infant, which the beast has crushed to death in its embrace. The dead baby falls back from the monster's hug, and is the most painful feature of the work.

On the left side of Truth is Confidence, a young mother, seated and nestling with her baby beneath the robe of the good spirit. Innocence, lying in her lap, looks up undaunted at the light of Truth. Under the feet of Selfishness, covered by Falsehood, and where Ignorance lurks, the vegetation is withered and burnt brown; but it springs up green again where the footsteps of Truth have pressed. The light of the picture emanates from the form of Truth, and creates a mellow and harmonious glow which illumines the scene.

A printed description which I brought

away with me, and which probably gives the meaning Mrs. Spencer herself attaches to her work, says that "Truth is represented assuming the human form;" not by any means, (we are sorry to say) because humanity, or especially female humanity, are types of truth, but because it is humanity that needs truth to enlighten and protect it, and woman in particular, that her smile and her words which are the first that mankind in its innocence looks up to, may not teach it error."

One's prepossessions are apt to be against a picture that is mapped out with moral significations and symbolisms. In too many cases the effort to teach any great lesson in this way proves a snare and a delusion. True art is not often found in connection with homilies copied from Sunday-school books, or imaginary portraits of those very thin, unsubstantial personages called the moral attributes. The old masters, in depicting gods and goddesses and symbolic beings, gave them perfect bodies, full of lusty vigor and health. Their modern imitators, in leaving out the bodies by their mamby-pamby efforts to create something neither human nor divine, have brought into disrepute purely imaginative art. It never can be restored to its pristine glory except by close, accurate, and exhaustive study of human models. The actual must doubtless be subordinated to the ideal, but it must be an ideality which exists in connection with and not separate from humanity. We know nothing visibly of the divine, or supersensuous except the hints given through our own nature and manifestations in the flesh. The great masters of old drew the women they loved best, and adding the ideal essence christened them Madonna or Saint, Muse or Sybil. Nobody doubts the excellence of their methods, for womanhood is full of the possibilties of ideal loveliness. Every loving, pure-hearted mother with her baby at her breast is the possible Madonna; every inspired singer is, for the moment, sublimated into the guise of St. Cecilia. Most of the Christs' which are painted fail to satisfy the mind, because the human is scorned while the divine is not reached. Allegory has little meaning in these days, and has sunk into a slough of weakness and imbecility.

Mrs. Spencer's work is full of virile strength, and it appears to have been painted when the conception was at white heat; for in every line we see that the artist was possessed by her subject. The rich and harmonious color holds the eye by its own indescribable charm. The figure of the young mother leaning caressingly against Truth, appears to be a careful study from life. The face is full of archness, and a peculiar piquant loveliness that fixes it upon the memory. The tender, half playful glance of the brown eyes is turned upon the child; curls of chestnut colored hair fall into the white neck, and there is a warm human beauty about the figure, that renders it peculiarly charming. The baby on the mother's lap did not seem to me nearly as good.

There are other pictures of more or less importance on view, in Mrs. Spencer's studio. The most careless touch of her pencil carries with it a certain power, and always suggests a fine feeling for color. I was charmed with the portrait of a Mexican dog, lying upon a crimson velvet cushion, and backed by a green curtain. Mrs. Spencer is by far the most versatile of our lady artists. Several of her characteristic groups of children have been chromoed. There is a rollicking abandon about her little folks that separates them from the artistic progeny of most other artists. She has of late been devoting her time principally to portraits. Several very remunerative orders have been received by her this season. I was permitted to peep in at the little den where she works, and there saw four or five large canvasses, with groups and single figures just sketched in. I regretted that the portraits of Collector Connolly's daughters, which I had seen noticed in the newspapers, had just been sent away. Mrs. Spencer has recently completed pictures of the children of these ladies, both of them little dots of flaxen haired girls arrayed in flounces and furbelows. She appears to have work enough on hand for many months to come, and all who know of her genius, her untiring assiduity and devotion to art, must rejoice at the somewhat tardy appreciation which the public is now bestowing upon this truly great woman.

A FAMILIAR CHAT.

BY DEBORAH D.

It is a bright, beautiful morning, and I feel just like having a nice little chat with you. You don't know me, but it dos'nt make any differance as long as I know you, and I *do like you so much!*

"People who don't like the *Tribune's* views on woman suffrage should take THE REVOLUTION, a rich, spicy periodical."

That is certainly a commendable paragraph; all honor to the one who penned it.

Well, I *do* wish sometimes, Horace would'nt speak so sarcastically on the subject; that is all I have against him.

If he would be a firm, out-and-out-spoken champion of woman's rights, I would instantly whisk him into my cabinet of curiosities, as a specimen of what a *perfect* man should be.

Ah! Horace, Horace, well for you, we may never confront each other; methinks there would be a most *fearful* combat!

My dear REVOLUTION, none of my associates seem to like you. I merely mention the fact that you may imagine, slightly, what trials I have to endure, for I *will* defend you at all hazards. Being a *female*, of course, I must needs be *weak!* Bah! But somehow, I can't appreciate the privileges accorded me; and if occasionally I am brave enough to step aside from the prescribed path of feminine life, why, mercy on me, you would think from the remarks, and comments, and sneers, and the turned-up-noses, on all sides, I had done something worthy the prison bars or hangman's rope.

And just let me tell you what I do that is so very unfeminine. I *work* for my daily bread! I don't go out in the field, and plough and hoe corn; though between you and me, REVOLUTION, I would'nt object to doing *that*, if I could.

But I *will not* be dependent, and in order to be independent I must work, and work at any honest calling within the compass of my faculties.

If necessary for the comfort of the home-family I can saw and split the kindling-wood, make the fire, and get the breakfast; I can pump a pail of water and bring it up the steps without grumbling; I can sweep and dust, and get up a dinner fit for a king; and I can "dabble in ink," and be that most horrible of all horribles, a "blue stocking." But, most of all, I can and *do* advocate woman's rights! That sweet, helpless, languishing female, reclining so gracefully on the velvet cushions opposite me, and playing with the leaves of a yellow-covered novel, is looking at me, and the pretty lips are curling *so* disdainfully she knows what I am saying—to *you*, dear REVOLUTION, and did it not require too much out lay of *muscle* the said novel would be hurled at my poor offending head, by way of retaliation.

O, fie on these helpless females! Did not the Creator endow *them* with minds and souls as valuable and active as their more helpful sisters?

"Who maketh us to differ?" I am sure God does not in this respect. He meant that all—the delicate as well as the more robust—should do their allotted work on earth, and has not the specimen opposite me anything to do but dress up, sit in the parlor, and may—hap, after some skilful manœuvering on the part of mamma catch a *luckless* husband?

Is that *all* of life? I don't think it is, and just because of that opinion I am met with a storm of reproaches and abuse from my more (?) feminine sisters; and to the disgrace of my strong-minded brethren, I am compelled to say, I have invariably, their "cold shoulder turned" upon me, which I think is mean; for I am still on the sunny side of thirty; am passibly good looking (so folks say), and have always been termed "agreeable" to the "gentlemen," because I have the faculty of making them think they are the *best, wisest* and *sweetest* of all animal beings. Of course that is what they like, and really I would like to tell them *just a little* how much they lose by not being friendly with a woman's rights woman." Ah, me! what trials, what crosses, and *what vexations*, "we sisters" are obliged to endure!

Are we equal to them? can we rise above them—be strong, patient, and ever-hopeful of the future of our cause? I say "yea!" God never meant *woman* to be a cipher in this work-day world of ours. Simply because her physical strength be not equal to man's, must she be doomed to sink into utter insignificance? Has her *mind* no power, because her *arm* may not have?

What a world of conventionalities, of puritanical opinions and of prejudices, must be swept away before the full strength and power of woman can be made known and appreciated! And who can help sweep it away better than woman herself? Do it by cultivating mind and heart—making herself perfectly familiar with the branches of study heretofore accorded only to man. And if she is thoroughly impressed with the *fact* that she may *never marry for a home*—let her go to work, select some one particular calling or avocation, and master it completely, make herself perfect mistress of it, then she can *build* a home for herself and be independent. The world is full of single women, entirely dependent on their own exertions, and what are they going to do? *Work* or go to ruin! Until within a few years there have been scarcely more than two or three avenues open in which woman could walk safely and respectably, for the purpose of gaining a livelihood.

But thanks be to advancing civilization,

she can do almost anything now, if she will only educate and prepare herself for what she wishes.

Let us labor and work patiently, dear REVOLUTION, and before your twentieth anniversary dawns upon us, we shall see a wonderful *revolution* among the sisterhood, (and may hap among the brotherhood) of these glorious United States.

THE NECESSITY OF A MORAL IDEA AS A PARTY INSPIRATION.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

In reviewing the course of politics in this country and in Europe, during this century, it becomes evident that no party can long retain vitality or possess a real hold on the people, unless it has for its rallying cry some watch-word of moral reform. Potent as the pocket is supposed to be, powerful as are its interests, no merely financial question can give origin to a new party or make it strong enough to sweep into power. For instance, it was the humanitarian idea of cheap bread for the million and health for the poor man that gave impetus to the action for the repeal of the corn laws, rather than the commercial aspects of the agitation; and in noting the progress of the other questions which have interested the public mind of England, we find in each one of them a reform as the inspiration.

"Household Suffrage," "Irish Church Disestablishment," and now "The Fallen," are the mottoes under which the popular party has marched to success. The work to be done in England to bring the established order of things into harmony with the ideas of advanced reformers, is so great, that should the liberal party continue as it has done, to attack old institutions, with the watch-word of improvement, we may look for a long term of power for its supporters, with such results as we shall not venture to predict.

Even in the most conservative of European countries we find that these same war cries of "progress" and "reform" have their power. The emancipation of the serfs made the Czar and his ministers for a time the representatives of a popular want. Constitutional freedom has been the bulwark of the Russian throne, and universal suffrage is the expedient for popularity to which the Emporer Napoleon adroitly resorted.

In our country, as might be expected in a Republic, some humanitarian suggestion seems to have been the absolute essential for permanent success to any party.

After the close of the Revolution, when freed from the necessity of struggling against an external foe, the people of the young Republic had time to think of internal differences, we find opposed to the Federalists, (which at first included all the men in the country in favor of its independence), a few men who called themselves Democrats. These were the advocates of what sounded to them the broadest theories of American freedom. Under the leadership of Jefferson, and with the war-cry of "universal suffrage," the adherents of this attractive measure became the popular favorites, and they and their successors held power for nearly half a century.

During this time the old Federal party disappeared and a new party called Whig sprang up. The name was borrowed from the three names of the Liberal party in England, it was not a name likely to be so attractive as Democrat, and this fact, trivial as it seems, doubtless had its effect in preventing its success, foreigners especially being at once pleased with the word Democrat. But another and more potent cause for the lack of strength in the Whig party was doubtless to be found in the absence of any great moral reform as a governing principle.

I was myself brought up in that political creed, and as a child sang Whig songs and waved Whig banners without knowing why. When I grew into womanhood it seemed to me sensible to have a reason for "the faith that was in me." Even though prevented by my sex from any practical endorsement of my views, I therefore obtained a certain pamphlet written by Mr. Horace Greeley, and entitled, "Why am I a Whig?" This I carefully perused and therein found it set forth that the guiding principles of the Whig party were high tariff, internal improvement and economy in government.

Now it will be seen at once that some of these issues present a vital idea of reform. The views of the people on the tariff will always vary with the varying interests of the different sections of country, and the other two measures of internal improvement and economy in government, were too vague to form an inspiration, and were indeed common to or claimed by both parties.

It is not of course to be denied that the Whigs were for a long time a powerful and influential body, that in certain portions of the country the dominant, but this was rather because it was supposed to represent the aristocratic and conservative views held in these sections by prominent people, than because of any strong and vital principle it possessed.

Twice, indeed, the Whigs obtained power by taking advantage of the dazzle of military glory, and making happy choice of candidates for the Presidency, but with these exceptions the Democrats held sway for upwards of fifty years, giving the Whigs finally a defeat from which they never recovered.

During the last decade of Democratic rule another party was springing up which rallied to a war-cry of popular reform, not only the remnants of the old Whig party, but also many of the former adherents of the Democrats. The grand humanitarian idea of the abolition of slavery first advocated by a few persons denounced as fanatics, increased the number of its advocates until under the title of Republicans, those enrolled under its banners achieved power by such means as are fresh in all our memories.

The Democrats had carried to its utmost end their idea of universal male suffrage, the vitality of their inspiring thought was gone when that was accomplished. The Republicans have now accomplished all at which they aimed in the absolute freedom, social, civil and political, of the negro. At this moment there is nothing to divide the two parties, except old prejudices, and nothing for them to contend over except the profits of place. It remains to be seen which of them will have the courage to give vitality to their party, and lead it into power, by inscribing on its banners the only great reform of the day —Woman Suffrage.

"SERVE AND OBEY."

BY HAYES.

Heigho! elegant but unwished for leisure what shall I do with you? Come hither, wee Prayer Book, and help me drive dull care away. What! are you instinct with life that you should maliciously open at "Solemnization of Matrimony?" But let me read! "Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and——?" Enough! I nod my approval. Now, for you, my lady: "Wilt thou obey him and serve him?" Shades of our immortal female progenitors protect me! This blow from the church that claims to do all things decently and in order.

So, then, the man is to promise to love comfort, and honor; three comparatively easy things. But the gentle maiden—the embodiment of all the graces—the angelic creature sent from heaven for the purpose of exercising her miraculous *female influence* on stern man, she who is so ethereal that she must never know aught of the sordid art of money-making promises—to *serve* and *obey*. She is not too spiritual to serve, and the word may be made to comprehend a deal of unpleasant work. If her lord commands her to serve in a menial capacity, she is to remember "obey" was in her marriage vows. No matter how unreasonable he is, no matter how superior her judgment is to his, his word is law, her promise unconditional. "But," says Clericus, "I will place great stress on the 'love, comfort, and honor,'—make them intensely emphatic. A man will not require anything unreasonable of one whom he loves and honors." That is well enough if the man chances—chances, I say—to be honorable and conscientious, the wife may be happy in his love, and eternally grateful for his *benevolence*, Suppose, however, that when too late, a young girl finds there is a difference between lovers and husbands; the lover whom she knew so well disappears, leaving the husband a man selfish, intolerant, with the most degrading opinion of women. She is at his mercy, obedience must be rendered if she would be faithful to her solemn vows. Such men are tyrants, and what is the wife's life but a living death.

Many ministers omit the "serve," so let that pass. And why require the vow of obedience? A child yields implicit obedience to his parents in his early childhood when he is too young to use his judgment effectively; but when he is grown there may come a time when obedience is expected of him, and yet he cannot give it and be true to himself. Is he considered a monster of disobedience for this? Is he constantly reminded that he must obey "because the Bible says so?" Not at all; he is allowed to follow his own convictions of right and wrong. Similar cases occur in wedded life, and the wife must violate her conscience, or else she has promised to perform an impossibility. "Oh," exclaims a young wife, "I promised to obey, but I never expect to do it!" What! perjure yourself, when of all times you should be sacredly truthful? Where do we get our marriage ceremony—from the Bible? No; man, not God, is responsible for it. As far as we know, our Lord made no distinctions between men and women. The Bible does say, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands, *as it is fit in the Lord.*" Those qualifying words have a volume of meaning. Introduce them into this service and they make a different and respectable thing of it. But if this promise must be made let the man promise it also, make the vows the same. Again I read, "I pronounce that they are *man* and *wife*." There's absurdity for you, "A man's a man for a' that;" but the woman is irretrievably lost in the wife wedded she is no longer a woman—*wife* alone.

Shall we not institute a reform in this matter? Knowing that justice is with us we need never despair of success; "We will find a way or make it."

Notes About Women.

—Mlle. Schneider, the actress, is dead.

— The Princess Editha has joined her destiny to that of a tinman.

—Bertha Weiss, the Prussian military heroine, has turned out to be an impostor.

—Miss Louisa Alcott is writing letters to the Boston *Transcript*.

— If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement, it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

— The dearest spot on earth—the store where they do not advertise.

— There is an old lady living less than fifty miles from London, who firmly believes that more men marry than women.

— According to the last definition a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

— A household servant in Montreal completed, on Thursday last, her twenty-first year of service in the same family.

Illion ladies wear slates in their chignon's, so it is said, perhaps to match with their flinty hearts.

— A Western paper announces that Paul never said women shouldn't "talk" only that they shouldn't "gabble."

—Miss Stella Hale, of Galesburg, is the champion skater among the women of Illinois.

—A Woman Suffrage Association managed the only course of lectures given in St. Louis this season.

—A writer to the New York *Sun* declares that wine is taken to an alarming degree among ladies of the highest station.

—The Rev. Dr. Putnam is pleading for the bill to open the Boston libraries on Sunday in the interests of morality and religion.

— Mrs. E. P. Stevens, editor of the *Pioneer*, was chosen President of the California State Suffrage Association.

—The "Young Women's Apprentice Association" is anxious for incorporation in Boston.

—The reports of the various Magdalen asylums throughout the country seem to indicate that the social evil is not extending, but is rather on the decline.

—The school children in Switzerland are collecting money to send to the German women and children widowed and orphaned by the war.

—A married lady residing in West Troy was presented on New Year's day with $100,000. There are a good many persons who would like to know how this is themselves.

—Iowa is the first State that has, by express statute, provided for the admission of women to the bar. Which State will be the next?

—A young couple in Bristol, Va., were so affected at a recent revival meeting that they went forward to the altar and insisted upon being married.

— Mrs. Susan Husk of Alleghany County, Va., died last week at the age of one hundred and seventeen, leaving an orphan daughter only ninety-eight years old.

—Many of our friends write to us that they could not possibly keep house without THE REVOLUTION.

—Professor Stowe has lately commenced a class in Greek at the Hartford Female Seminary, and ladies who are not connected with the seminary can join it if they desire.

—"One ought every day," says Goethe, "at least hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words."

—Gail Hamilton says one can be daughter, sister, friend, without impeachment of one's sagacity or integrity, but it is a dreadful indorsement of a man to marry him!

— Miss Anthony's address until last of March is care of Mr. C. S. Carter, Arcade Building, Chicago, Ill. Letters not on Lecture engagements should be marked "personal."

—A number of ladies in Lafayette, Ind., who desire to spend less time in keeping up with the fashions and more in improving their minds, have formed a mutual encouragement society.

—A lad had three fingers cut off, the other day, by a drop press in a brass shop. Looking upon his bleeding hand, the brave little fellow exclaimed, "I'll bet mother will cry when she sees that."

—Miss Mary Hall, daughter of Dr. Hall, editor of the *Journal of Health*, is one of the seven hundred Americans residing in Dresden, and is so notably proficient in German that on her return she will be qualified to assume the position of tutor in German literature in any American college.

—New York has four colleges for women—the Ingham University, Elmira, Vassar and Rutgers Colleges. The latter has no endowment. The funds of the three amount to a little less than $100,000; their buildings and apparatus to a little less than $1,000,000.

— A spirited girl observes that to her mind the women who don't want female suffrage, because it will cause division in families, must be a precious meek lot. A woman of any pluck can pick a quarrel with her husband without waiting to split on votes.

—It is a fact of no little significance that not only is the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, to marry a Presbyterian, but the wedding, to the great scandal of strict churchmen, is even to take place in Lent.

—A bill recently introduced into the Virginia Senate to protect the rights and property of married women was reported from the Committee on General Laws, with the request that it be referred to the Committee for Courts of Justice.

— The editor of the *National Standard*, while speaking of the Boston Radical Club, inquires: "Why may not many more parlors be thus consecrated as centres of thought, of a truer, more enlightened moral and religious culture?"

— The Employment and Indemnity Company, of Brooklyn, advertised in another column of this paper, is an excellent institution conducted by a woman. It meets in some respects the ends of a labor exchange bureau, and ought to receive abundant patronage.

—An editor, while discanting on the virtues of a departed lady, exclaims: "Though in the gloom of winter, and surrounded by weeping friends, with a spirit and a hope like hers, the grandest pleasure ride of earth is when borne by the hearse to the tomb."

— A Chicago paper says: "No wonder the women are moving for their rights in Kansas. Not a single member of the gentler sex is furnished with board and lodging in the State Penitentiary. Yet woman's property is taxed to maintain the institution. Thus does the tyrant man exclude the fairer half of creation from the privileges her own money pays for."

TIT FOR TAT.—On the principle that under the common law, a man can bring action against the seducer of his wife or daughter on the ground of loss of services, a Mrs. Harlan has recently brought a suit against one Elliot Clark and his wife, for seducing her husband from her bed and board. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

—A Brooklyn lady shopping in New York rode up town in a stage. Beside her sat an elegantly attired gentleman, wearing a magnificent diamond solitaire ring. On getting out the lady found her pocket-book and five dollars gone. She doesn't mourn, as in her pocket she found the diamond ring, which a jeweller pronounced worth $1,500.

—Last Friday evening, Alexander Delmar read a paper before the Liberal Club, Plimpton Hall, on Statistics of Life and Maternity. He combated the existing prejudice of Insurance Companies against female life, and advocated the establishment of an Insurance Company especially devoted to this object. The paper contained details of profound interest to the sex.

—There is a grain of wisdom to be picked out of Laird Collier's discourse on the follies of the woman movement. Here is the spasm of sense:

"I think the laws of all the States should be so changed as to make it appear that half of all the property *is* the wife's, and it is true that nine times in ten the hardest earned part."

—A writer of the Cincinnati *Chronicle* makes the following very excellent remarks on the incivility of women:

"I have seen women give way to women very often; full as often as men give way to men. And this is the standard by which to measure their conduct towards each other; not the courtesy of men towards women. That is gallantry, not equity; and is not to be expected of women towards women any more than of men towards men.

—Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightingly of woman.

— According to the laws of Indiana a woman can convey the real estate inherited from a first husband, only while she remains a widow. A bill was recently introduced into the Legislature to amend the statue so that a woman could dispose of or sell such estate after a second or subsequent marriage; but in case it was not conveyed before her death it would revert to the children of her first husband. We are sorry to learn that the bill was lost by a vote of 16 to 21.

— The anti-woman suffragists propose to throw a sop to Cerberus, by supporting a bill looking to the equality of women in pay and position in all branches of the civil service. The bill is a good one, and we earnestly hope it may be passed; but the action of these women who decry suffrage because it is going to contaminate the sex, shows what a jewel is consistency. The active lobbyists of the valliant one thousand had better beware lest condemnation fall upon them out of their own mouths. Look out sharp, ladies, or you will soon begin to "meddle with politics."

— Our California suffrage friends appear to have had an inspiring time at their first annual convention, held recently in San Francisco. They complain somewhat bitterly that the local press lied about them, and otherwise indulged in a good deal of scurrility. We, here on the Atlantic border, are so accustomed to this sort of thing, that it fails to make much impression. After the California society has held a dozen or more conventions, the good staunch workers out there won't mind what the reporters scribble any more than the crackling of thorns under a pot. They will smile sublimely and say "Let the heathen rage."

— The following resolution, offered at the San Francisco Suffrage Convention, seems to prophecy the near approach of the millenium:

Resolved,—That a general denunciation of men as being tyrants and monsters, was unphilosophical and unjust, and ought not to be considered, as men are as good as women.

We can easily count up the ages on the fingers of one hand, which have passed since it was a grave matter of doubt whether woman was possessed of a soul, and here we have a dignified convention solemnly asserting that "men are as good as women." Surely the world does move.

—There is a bill now before Congress which proposes to give to women residing in the District of Columbia or in the Territories of the United States the right of action at law against any person who may sell liquor to their husbands without their express permission. It isn't to be hoped that our present lawgivers will do anything so sensible or so much needed as to pass this bill. It would be putting rods in pickle for too many of themselves. We might as soon expect a lot of school urchins to vote to supply birch switches *ad libitum* for the use of the village pedagogue.

The Chicago *Tribune* tells of the adventures of a young girl, who left her home in New England, and worked in Cleveland and other places as a type-setter. In Chicago she found her female attire an obstacle to her success, and purchasing a coat, vest and pair of pants, went to work on a Chicago paper as a journeyman printer, the typos all liking the little fellow. She states that, in all her troubles, and they were many, she invariably received sympathy from men, and but very little, if any, from her own sex.

—The students of the New England Female Medical College, in Boston, are not allowed to visit the city hospital, though repeated requests have been made for that privilege, and an application has been made to the city government for redress, signed by the trustees and students of the college, and by many of the citizens, among whom are Gov. Claflin, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Dr. Putnam, Judge Russel, Hon. Harvey Jewelll, and many others.

—The following bill has been reported in the Illinois Legislature:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly*, That any woman, married or single, of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, and possessing the qualifications prescribed for men, shall be eligible to any office under the general or special school laws of this State.

SEC. 2. That any woman, elected or appointed to any office under the provisions of this act, shall qualify and give bond as required by law, and such bond shall be binding upon her and her securities.

—Miss Mary E. Greene went out of her teens and into her medical studies six years ago. She opened shop in a neglected quarter of Philadelphia, after graduating at the medical college there, and in a year had 1,600 patients. Last year she had charge of the Hooper hospital for women, a position heretofore held only by first-class doctors of the other sex; is now a leading professor in Bellevue College, down for a course of lectures, and the first woman elected a member of the Medical Society of New York.

—A laundress, who was employed in the family of a distinguished United States Senator, said to him with a sigh, "Only think, sir, how little money would make me happy!" "How little, madam?" said the old gentleman. "Oh, dear sir, $100 would make me perfectly happy." "If that is all, you shall have it," and he immediately gave it to her. She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, and before the old gentleman went out of hearing, exclaimed, "I wish I had said $200."

—The *Baltimore Sun* says: "Mrs. Martha Haines Butt Bennett died of pneumonia, in New York, on Thursday. The lady was better known as Martha Haines Butt, the Virginia authoress, and was greatly admired everywhere for her remarkable beauty of face and form. She was an occasional contributor to the periodical press of the country. Carleton published one of her books a few years since, the volume meeting with a wide circulation and good success. Mrs. Bennett was a native of Norfolk, Va.

—Men who uphold licensing the "social evil" ought to be scourged with the scorpion whip of public indignation. The following passage, clipped from the communication of a Columbus letter writer, relative to the bill pending in the Ohio Legislature, is a healthy sign:

While this bill will affect only cities, I venture to say that the country member who should vote for it would, in some localities, be held up as the personification of impurity and as the upholder of licentiousness, and, with his constituents, would be forever politically dead. As this state of things exists, and as the pulpits are denouncing the measure, it will take more than the ordinary amount of courage, even if the desire was not wanting, to vote for this bill.

—Miss Carpenter, whose noble exertions on behalf of female education in the great Indian Empire are familiar to the public, has just received a very valuable present from the people of Scinde. It consists of a large tablecloth, most elaborately embroidered in gold and silver; the design is exquisite in conception, and is wrought with a careful regard for the minuteness of its details. In a circle in the centre of the cloth is the inscription, worked in silver letters: "Presented to Miss Mary Carpenter, from Sind," and around the border are some verses in Persian characters. It was contained in a richly-carved box of Indian wood, in the front of which was inlaid an ivory tablet bearing Miss Carpenter's name.

—Miss Vienna Demorest made her debut at Chickering's New Hall, Fourteenth street, on the evening of Feb. 25th. She sang the aria from Costa's Eli "I will extol thee O, Lord," "Come unto Him," from the Messiah, Waltz, L'Ardita, and a duet by Campana with Gustavus Hall, and gave excellent satisfaction in all. Her voice is not yet fully developed and will improve on careful study, but it is full of promise, and bids fair to place her in the very front rank of American vocalists.

The floral offerings to the young songstress were the most profuse and elaborate ever presented to a novice on the Lyric stage. The friends of the family were royally entertained after the concert at her residence, and the whole affair was looked upon as a complete success.

—The Omaha *Tribune*, while speaking of Miss Anthony's lecture in that far Western city, says:

Miss Susan B. Anthony held a large audience spell-bound with that rarest earthly witchery, the music of eloquence that dwells alone on woman's lips. Indeed, the fair pleaders on behalf of this great social movement take us at a disadvantage, and often win approval and create conviction more by their personal charms than by the power or accuracy of their logic; and though we may be pardoned the ungallantry of saying that Miss Anthony is slightly in the sere and yellow leaf, a little on that side of life where the frosts of age begin to leave their touch upon the cheek and brow that erst were fair and sweet, still the indefinable charm of woman's presence robs us of the full force of our reason, while listening to her eloquence, and gains our assent to statements which our calmer moments reject as lacking strength and reason.

But it would be strange if the life-long and *ex parte* advocates of any theory, which had any foundation in truth, could not bring forward some strong arguments in its favor. Miss Anthony is thoroughly posted on this matter. She argues on it *con amore*. She touches its susceptible points to the finest issues. She breathes the fire of genius unto it. She baptizes it in a liquid eloquence, and robes it in garments of glowing beauty.

—Mrs. Ella Clymer made her *debut* as "Pauline" in the "Lady of Lyons" on Saturday night, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, admirably supported by the gentlemanly C. Barton Hill, as "Claude Melnotte." We do not hesitate in announcing her performance a *success* from a high moral stand-point. There was no clap-trap in the way of advertising, and no influence brought to bear to induce the press or her friends to cross the line of strict justice in their verdict. She has genuineness enough to put art before the artists, and to hold her soul ready to take in whatever of passional emotion may come to her through her devotion to it. This is genius, and to genius all things are possible. She is too fine and *too* true to be recognized. Why! some addle-pated young fashionables criticized her *dress*, supposing in their ignorance that "Pauline" *ought* to appear in no end of "jute," and *do* the "Grecian Bend." Her picturesqueness was simply beyond criticism. The classic head, the ungirdled waist, showing a natural outline far more ravishing to the true artist eye than any modern trickery of fashion. In one breath the critics pronounce her cold, and unappreciative of the true passion of the past, and in the next they talk of women in general as only admirable from the point of vestal purity and unapproachableness. The rendition of a character is after all a matter of taste or of long habit. People are accustomed to seeing a raving, ranting "Pauline" done by third-rate souls, and we repeat, this exquisite artist-woman is *too fine* for their coarse gratfication.

Our Mail Bag.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND ART AT THE CAPITAL.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 18th, 1871.

I send with this the report of the yesterday's meeting for woman suffrage in the Committee-room of the Capitol.

The meeting of Thursday evening, 16th, was a most unparalleled success. Lincoln Hall, long before the hour, was literally packed—tickets at fifty cents. Hundreds went away unable even to get a look into the door. I can compare the intense interest here to nothing I have ever witnessed, except an old-fashioned revival meeting, when every day brought in numberless new converts. At eight o'clock the meeting which had been announced for Mrs. Woodhull and Mrs. Hooker, was called to order; after a brief opening, Mrs. Woodhull was introduced. When she came forward she was as white as marble, and her voice trembled a little, but the triumph of will was complete, and as she warmed with her subject the blood came back to her cheek, and her eyes gleamed like diamonds. She held her audience spell-bound for over an hour and a quarter, not with glowing eloquence or impassioned oratory, but with her clear, logical arguments that are unanswerable. She reaches her climax without a flaw in the reasoning; her style terse and strong, with no effort at embellishment, no flights of imagination, no clap-trap to make it taking with an audience; but the warm, responsive applause showed that the people, vast as they were in numbers, were with her.

Mrs. Hooker was to have followed this legal argument with the moral one for suffrage, but the lateness of the hour, and the discomfort of the audience made it best to defer it till another evening. It will probably be heard on Monday, 19th.

A call from the House, who were unwilling to leave, brought out Hon. B. F. Butler, for a fifteen minutes speech, which clinched every point Mrs. Woodhull had made and sent home the conviction to the hardened hearts, that the days of the rule of the aristocracy of sex were nearly over. Judge Woodword, of Pennsylvania, said "I have listened with bated breath, and must say I never heard a stronger or more forcible argument than yours of to-night."

The question of suffrage, so far as legality and right are concerned, is settled beyond peradventure. Women must now vote, and if their votes are refused, or rather their registration, they must then prosecute, and if any Judge is sufficiently enlightened to give a true decision, the cause is won, and the conflict ended. There are lawyers ready to take these cases and give to them their best brain work inspired by their generous hearts. Foremost of these I may name Hon. B. F. Butler, Hon. A. G. Riddle, Hon. S. Lawrence, and others. I think these gentlemen will have this work on their hands before very long, for women are at white heat, almost ready for a rebellion if any more tyrannies are attempted. It would be amusing, if it were not so sad a spectacle, to see the writhing and throes of the ruling powers, now that they feel their sway is to be broken.

One of the last resorts for power is to scandalize women to each other. "If you go to the polls you will meet bad women there." "Well," replied a lady, "I do not know that it will hurt me any more to meet a bad woman there than to meet a bad man in my parlor; and I know that there are ten bad men to one bad woman." They will say this, that, or the other woman, or all together of those who are advocating this cause, have "damaged reputations," and so going from one to another, seek to keep them from any united action.

This system of men being permitted to make insinuations against women must be fought down. The accused has a right to be believed innocent until proved guilty. When an insinuation is made, demand a direct charge and proof; nothing less should satisfy us. We all know that with any enslaved class, disloyalty to each other is natural; with our freedom must come a noble, generous loyalty; the vice which has so belittled women, and which men are now using with such effect against them, must be cast off as the worn out garment of the olden time.

Rayers, of Arkansas, moved the other day that the women be driven out of the Committee-room of Labor and Education. A week before his motion was made the Agricultural Committee-room had been placed at our service, and all our goods and chattels removed there, quite unknown to the Committeeman who had not, in the interval, visited the room.

Senator Howard, of Michigan, moved in the Territorial Committee that the rights of citizens in the territories be abridged. There was no response in favor, but it will probably come before the Senate soon; so you see that the old tyrannies are trembling for their power.

THE CARNIVAL.

At the carnival a mishap befell the triumphal arch; a wind came yesterday—it swayed back and forth, and came down with a crash, fortunately killing no one. It was not beautiful or symmetrical, and really does not seem the least loss, as it would not be if the whole thing ended here. It is passing strange that this old, worn out custom of Europe, a relic of barbarism that has lost all prestige even there, should be one of our importations. We are a nation of apes. Anything which comes from Europe, even their worst vices are imitated. We dare not set our own fashions, appreciate our own literature, art, or even our own magnificent scenery of rivers, lakes, and mountains. Is it nature that makes us all look eastward for recognition? Even the free, strong, young West, turns to the East. Not until Bret Hart was glorified in the East did the West accept him. This reminds me to tell you how fully Vinnie Ream was accepted and indorsed in the old world. If the opinions were merely those of the dillatante I should not quote them; but when artists like Gustave Dore, Story, and Healy, Tilton, Kellogg, List, and Kaulbach, pronounce her works unexceptionably fine, I think it is best for us to be moderately charitable, and admit that not only a woman, but an American may do a good thing.

The beautiful medallion of Christ, set in pearls, given her by Cardinal Antoinelli, and gifts from many other distinguished individuals, together with the autograph letters of these artists to Miss Ream, sufficiently attest the high estimation in which she was held abroad by our artists and others. I can imagine the interest with which they must have watched her work, and what a triumph to them when it proved a success. In her studio, are busts of Reverdy Johnson, Thad. Stevens General Thomas, and others.

A young lady visiting the studio with me said at once, how like they are; I know them every one, are they not so and so? "Yes," replied Miss Ream; "and," said a gentleman, "these are the busts that have been called huge lumps of plaster." She has now on her stand a bust in the process of modeling of Gen. Farragut, a most wonderful likeness. America is perfect in its loveliness, faultless in proportion and features, calm and motherly in expression, it gives one a subdued, restful feeling to gaze upon it. We only wish it were a full-length figure; but the charm of all her pretty things is the bust of a child of her sister. This, I do not hesitate to say, is the most beautiful piece of sculpture I have ever seen at home or abroad. It is so alive so joyous and pure in expression.

She has been peculiarly fortunate in her selection of marble not one thing of hers which I have seen has a flaw or stain in it. Is there not a significance in this purity of her work?

Truly yours, PAULINA W. DAVIS.

A VOICE FROM MICHIGAN.

DEWITT, MICH., Feb. 14th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Miss Anna Dickinson lectured in Lansing, Mich., Feb. 8th, on Joan of Arc. Her agent had engaged her to the society for her other lecture, "Men's Rights," but she seemed to have good reasons for changing the subject.

The hall was well filled. It was certainly an intelligent-looking audience. To be sure, it ought to have been, for many of the members of our State Legislature were there. But my pleasure would have been greater could I have recognized that same membership in some of the noble-looking women there.

Whether we were convinced that Joan of Arc was inspired according to the usual acceptation of the word, or not, surely many believe that Miss Anna is inspired with the true inspiration. Hers is a soul full of enthusiasm for virtue, truth and human rights. What better inspiration can there be? Is not that from heaven from whence cometh all the rays of light and truth?

But women are not always applauded for well doing. Gail Hamilton tells the truth when she says, "If women will lecture they must do it better than men." I notice one paper says, "Miss Dickinson wearied her audience with the threadbare story, etc." Now I looked over the audience often to see how it appreciated the lecturer, and I could see no tired-looking ones; but I remember last winter I saw in that same hall drooping heads and closed eyes at a lecture given by an eminent man on a historic character. I remember, too, that same paper applauded several *men* that lectured on similar subjects, when they put none of the spirit into them that Anna put into hers.

I may be too enthusiastic and radical on the subject of equality to please my conservative friends, but I believe it is time we cast bigotry and prejudice out of our judgments.

Yours truly, L. A. B.

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM JENNIE COLLINS.

BOFFIN'S BOWER, 815 Washington St., Boston, Feb. 19.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Your valuable weekly delights and entertains our visitors in a charming manner. Myriads will endorse the statement that "if any one should attempt to bury it he would find a pretty lively corpse." It is rich in thought, lofty in tone, bold in utterance, and the invincible defender of *woman*, whether she is the victim of drunken brutality, despotic, slavish fashion, or vulgar extravagance. It gives us the real ore in its natural state, exactly what the people need. They demand the most vigorous productions, and will not waste a moment on anything short. They will not have affectation palmed off upon them for refinement, nor low cunning for simplicity.

Friends to the "cause" have been fearful that THE REVOLUTION had too many issues, consequently suffrage would be retarded by it. It would be equally sensible to say that a tree should not have branches, for suffrage is the *grand trunk* from which every branch of reform for woman has been an offshoot.

This little spot where I sit now, in an "upper room," with a picture of the "Bridge of Sighs" hanging over my head while I write, is a thrifty little twig, strengthened and fertilized by the utterances of THE REVOLUTION particularly.

As I am alone a few hours for the first time since last Sunday, the scenes of the week come crowding upon me. The anxious faces of the young and pure—the hopeless faces of those whose lives are blighted and worn out by incessant toil—pass before my memory in review; also the generous and the noble, whose feet have found their way to this Bower so frequently, are not forgotten. The selfish and cruel find their way with other visitors. Like the poor, we have them with us always. I think they are the poor whom Christ meant.

When I regard woman's helpless condition, as it presents itself here from day to day, and then take up a petition of remonstrance to the "cause," whether it is done for amusement, for malice, or for mirth, I have a feeling of measureless contempt and the deepest disgust for the women whose names to-day would be no more upon a petition than the name of Mrs. Pat Rooney were it not for the soldiers who carried the muskets, and whose widows and daughters are mocked in their misery. Yes, the arm upon which they could have leaned, and the hand that should have dropped the ballot for them, are moldering in some grave marked, perhaps, "unknown."

That branch of the woman question is also an issue from the "grand trunk." Even the old liberty tree in Boston Common is disfigured by dead limbs that produce nothing; but had it not been for the tree they could never have had an existence.

And here I beg leave to correct a mistake which I noticed in the last REVOLUTION, taken from the New York *Star*. The writer spoke of the working girls as being entitled to all the rights and privileges of this place upon the payment of a sum merely nominal. There is no fee, nominal or otherwise, *accepted* from the working women, nor from the millionaire who sits side by side with them here. That there is a free masonry in genius, whether in broadcloth or calico, is a truth demonstrated in the refreshing shades of Boffin's Bower.

JENNIE COLLINS.

PROGRESS IN THE FAR WEST.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, Feb. 13, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Knowing the interest you take in matters of progress everywhere, I send you greeting from the "Far West."

On the evening of Saturday, Jan. 28th, the citizens of this prairie capital were given the privilege of listening to Miss Susan B. Anthony on "False Theory." To many of us this was our first hearing of the woman who has for years devoted herself to the cause of woman's rights.

It may not be altogether unpleasant for you who know her well to learn that her sound logic and scathing wit fell upon the ears of a large and attentive audience come together in the chapel of our new State University.

But eulogy from an unknown pen is of small moment, so I give you facts.

Miss Anthony gave those of us who had thought little of the matter before, ample food for future thinking, and to those of us who needed a more thorough awakening she brought that.

She remained over from the 4 A. M. train of Monday till the noon train in order to meet a few ladies who desired to consult with her; and though the morning was stormy, and but few knew of the hastily arranged meeting, we had a very enthusiastic one, and put through a deal of business, organized a State Association, and appointed a meeting for the following Friday evening.

Miss A. reached the train only in time to see it slowly moving off. It is usual for trains, like "time and tide," to "wait for no man;" but on this occasion, impelled by the spirit of the age, it did wait for a *woman*. We met on Friday evening, according to appointment, twenty-eight ladies being present.

We desired to memorialize the Legislature, then in session, and, in order to effect our wish, decided to do so, as women of Nebraska, instead of acting as an association, from the fact that it was quite impossible to perfect a State organization in so short a time. Therefore, we usedthe Victoria Woodhull memorial given us by Miss Anthony, to which were signed the names of many women, headed by that of our Governor's wife, Mrs. Lydia Butler, who, by the way, spent more than one day in getting signers to the memorial. What other State is so fortunate as Nebraska in having so wide awake a woman at the head of affairs?

Gov. Butler sent the memorial into the House with a special message recommending its passage. The House referred the memorial to the Judiciary Committee, who decided that the State Legislature has no authority to grant the right of suffrage to woman, but recommended the following memorial to be presented to the Constitutional Convention which meets in May:

Whereas, The Constitution of the State of Nebraska prohibits the women of said State from exercising the right of the elective franchise; and

Whereas, Taxation without representation is repugnant to a Republican form of government, and applies to women as well as all other citizens of this State; and

Whereas, All laws which make any distinction between the political rights and privileges of males and females are unbecoming the people of this State in the year 1871 of the world's progress, and tend only to deprive the latter of the means necessary for their own protection in the various pursuits and callings of life. Therefore, be it

Resolved, By the House of Representatives of the State of Nebraska, that the Constitutional Convention to be begun and holden on the — day of May, 1871, for the purpose of revising and amending the Constitution of said State, are hereby most respectfully and earnestly requested to draft such amendment to the Constitution of this State as will allow the women thereof to exercise the right of the elective franchise and afford to them such other and further relief as to that honorable body may be deemed wise, expedient and proper; and be it further

Resolved, That said Convention is hereby most respectfully and earnestly requested to make such provision (when said amendment shall be submitted to a vote of the people of said State) as will enable the women of Nebraska to vote at said election for the adoption or rejection of the same.

Resolved, Further, that the Secretary of State is hereby instructed to present a copy of this resolution to said Convention as soon as the same shall be convened.

The House voted, ayes 19, noes 17 (three members absent); so it was carried.

We do not intend to stop at this point, and you may occasioually hear of our doings, if anything here is worthy of note.

A day or two after the memorial was presented to the House, the Senate passed a bill granting rights and privileges to married women heretofore denied them, and making them equal with men in every respect as regards property.

So we, of the gallery, having a wholesome fear of the awful gavel of his Honor, the Speaker, restrained our enthusiasm, and only dared to clap our hands softly and flutter our handkerchiefs over the heads of assembled wisdom below.

One other fact as indicating the tendency of the times. The House of Representatives have passed a resolution inviting the wives of members to a seat on the floor by the side of their husbands! *"Vive la Nebraska!"*

A NEBRASKA WOMAN.

ANOTHER PROTEST.

AUGUSTA, GA., Feb. 10th, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

The last number of THE REVOLUTION notices a bill for the regulation of prostitution in New York, recently introduced into the Albany Legislature. I feel my woman's nature so aroused with indignation and shame that I am moved to write, asking if all possible is being done to arouse the women of New York to the danger. Will not the wives and mothers of the State send to the Legislature a protest against such a measure? Can not something be done to call the attention of *pure men* more fully to this subject?

I once thought that women must not address a body of men on so indelicate a subject, but when our Legislative bodies seek to legalize it, we *must need speak out* and let the shame be on those who have forced us to speak.

Truly yours, E. F. S. B.

Burnett's Cologne—best in America.

Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Whitcomb's Asthma remedy—sure cure.

—Miss Alcott's next book is to be on Little Men.

—"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my dear." "Then, why did you tell Anne, this morning, to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1871.

THE PALAZZO VECCHIO IN FLORENCE.—BIANCA CAPPELLO.

FLORENCE, ITALY, February 4th.

No one who has ever visited Florence will fail to remember the old Palace, the "Palazzo Vecchio," that fine old building whose lofty tower is one of the most conspicuous features of the city from whatever quarter one approaches the town.

This massive structure, which stands in the heart of the city, was built soon after the great revolution in 1250, when the long-oppressed people of Florence threw off the yoke of the Ghibilline nobles, and after a grand but bloodless uprising, took the government into their own hands, and proceeded to elect a Captain of the People and twelve Coadjutors as military chiefs and their leaders in arms. Having arranged matters thus to their satisfaction, the Florentines next proceeded to build a palace suited to the dignity of their new form of government, and this grand old structure is the memento not only of those early days of the Republic, but of its subsequent varying fortunes and the faithlessness of the men to whom in later years the Florentines entrusted the protection of their liberties.

The magnificent old palace has been witness to many strange scenes in its time. Many are the comedies and tragedies which have been enacted within its walls, as well as in the great square before it, during the five centuries since its erection.

Its heavy walls have glowed in the light of the mammoth bonfire which Savonarola's eloquence kindled, when the people of Florence brought, at the monk's bidding, all their most cherished luxuries and treasures, and threw into one huge pile, as a sacrifice to God, pictures, books, furniture, dress, armor, powders, pomades, and everything which could minister to human vanity, and then, setting fire to the whole, the frantic throng danced and sung psalms about the square, while the flames leaped and danced on that strange altar.

Not many years later, those same palace walls glared in another and a sadder firelight, when the preacher-monk, whose eloquence had kindled those first sacrificial flames, was himself bound to the stake on the very spot of his former triumphs, in the midst of the same fickle multitude who had for a time obeyed his lightest wish, and yet who now looked on without a word of protestation at his fiery and awful martyrdom.

Strange political changes has that grim old palace witnessed! In the early times the officers of the Republic were lodged there, half rulers and half prisoners of the people, since they were not allowed to pass the threshold of their palace home during their two months term of office. Then came the despotic rule of the De Medicis, varied by the occasional tumults of the popular uprisings, and those old halls have re-echoed to the mad shouts of the people, when, at Savonarola's bidding, they elected Jesus Christ as their king, or, at the bidding of other leaders, hailed with equal clamor some despot who claimed their allegiance. Now the grand hall where the council of the five hundred used to meet is once more the place of assemblage for the representatives of the people, not of Florence alone, but of United Italy. The room which has seen such changes is now the theatre of the greatest change of all; and no wonder that the hearts of patriotic Italians thrill with joy at the realization of their long-cherished dream—a United Italy and a representative government, as they see their deputies assembled in that ancient palace—which, for so many years, was the home of their hated tyrants.

Is it a part of the punishment of those old despots to look in upon the triumph of the populace whom they despised and trampled under foot so long? Do their shades flit about the familiar spot, where for ages they ruled, in mute and impotent rage at the downfall of tyrants and the rising of the people? Do their proud spirits chafe at the knowledge that kings and grand dukes rule no longer by divine right, but hold their thrones now, only by virtue of the popular will, and retain them only so long as it is the good pleasure of the people to keep these puppet-monarchs in their place?

If the shades of the past dwellers in this old palace do revisit the scenes of their ancient grandeur, we may be sure that Bianca Cappello is among these ghostly visitants, for her name is as intimately connected with the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence as is that of Mary Stuart with the Palace of Holyrood in Edinboro'.

Bianca Cappello was a beautiful, clever, but bold, bad and unscrupulous, woman, whose romantic history has formed the frequent subject of Italian poetry and romance.

The daughter of a wealthy, and honorable Venetian family, at the age of sixteen Bianca eloped with a young man whose acquaintance she had clandestinely formed, and who represented to her that he was one of the great and powerful Salviati family in Florence. But these tales were false; he was only a clerk, and sought Bianca's love, partly because of her beauty and partly because of her dowry; but the fortune hunter was balked in his designs. The Republic of Venice not only outlawed and set a price upon the head of Bianca and her abductor, but confiscated the property which she held in her own right, from the estate of her deceased mother—the father disinherited her—and Bianca found herself poor and friendless. The honey-moon was no pleasant one. Shut up in a poor little hut in Florence, where she and her mother-in-law had to perform even the most menial offices, for they were too poor to employ a servant, the daughter of the rich Venetian, had an ample opportunity to repent of her hasty marriage. She did not dare even to venture into the streets of Florence, for in those old days when no such things as extradition treaties were known, governments had another mode of wreaking their vengeance on offenders who had escaped beyond their jurisdiction. They promised to pay a goodly sum for the death of their rebellious citizens, and this sum was sufficient to sharpen the eyes and the swords of the *bravos*, whose business was the assassination of people, for whose death individuals or states were willing to pay. So Bianca was a close prisoner in her miserable hovel—a sad exchange for the liberty and luxury of her Venetian home.

But meantime Francisco de Medicis had learned the story of the runaway heiress from Venice, and the tales of her beauty which reached his ears, filled him with a desire to see the heroine of this romance.

One of the ladies of his court obligingly planned an opportunity for the gratification of this wish of the Grand Duke. On the pretence of using her influence with the magnates of Venice for Bianca's pardon, she induced the bride to meet her in a casino, and after a brief conversation, she left the Lady Bianca for a moment, and the duke Francisco appeared in her place. There is no record of the conversation between his Highness and the Venetian lady, but from that time the fortunes of Bianca changed. To her husband posts of honor at court were given, and she became the mistress of Duke Francisco, who was at this very time about to marry an Austrian Princess.

This luckless bride, on her arrival at Florence, found her place at court and in the affections of her husband occupied by Bianca, who insolent and haughty swayed all about her. But if the wretched wife found her new position far from agreeable, neither did Bianca's place prove to be without its own difficulties. Francisco was a man of strange and half insane moods. He was dangerous in his frenzies too, and did not hesitate to get rid of any one who displeased him, by the dagger or by poison. The favorites of to-day were often victims of to-morrow. His own sister and a mistress were despatched by his orders, and Bianca's husband, in spite of his complaisant acquiesance in the disposal of his wife, was also stabbed in the street, it was supposed, at Francisco's instigation; No one could tell when Bianca's own turn would come. Her life was like that of the monarch, over whose head the sword hung by a thread, and she was shrewd enough to know it. How was she to make sure of her place?

The Duke's wife had borne him no son. In those days it was the fashion to legitimatize children not born in wedlock, if sovereign Princes desired it. Bianca therefore, who was childless, resolved to furnish an heir to the throne which the Duke ardently desired. She managed so cunningly as to deceive the Duke into the belief that she was about to become a mother, and succeeded in imposing upon him as his own, a child which she had bargained for, from its real parent. But fearing that her infamous secret might be discovered, she attempted te put to death, all the women who were parties to this shameful contract.

The victims were left for dead, but the assassins had not done their work thoroughly, and one of the wretched accomplices on her miraculous recovery told the whole story to the family of the Duke. On learning this, and before any one else could communicate it to her paramour, Bianca herself told him what she had done, assuring him that it was solely in *his* interest, since she well knew that he

hated the next heir to his throne with a deadly hatred. So skilfully did she manage this affair that he joined with her, in the plot to defeat the hopes of Cardinal Ferdinand, his brother, the rightful heir to the succession, and by this cunning play upon his worst passions, Bianca made him her accomplice instead of her dupe.

From this time forward her reign over Francisco was more absolute than ever. The people amazed at her power over this strange and violent man, accused her of witchcraft. But the only sorcery she used was that which the Duchess of Marlborough exerted over Queen Anne, of England, "the influence of a strong mind over a weak one."

Francisco had promised to marry Bianca if ever they were both free. Bianca's husband was now dead, and soon after the Duchess died also.

Every influence was brought to bear by his family upon Francisco to prevent his union with the detested favorite. But she carried the day, and secretly in the chapel of the Palazzo Vecchio, she was made the wife of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. This was kept secret for some time: but at last the fact became known to the baffled family of the monarch. The next step of the ambitions woman was to have her new dignity made public, and she spared no pains to attain her object. She succeeded after no little strategy in obtaining from the Republic of Venice, which had outlawed her and set a price upon her head, a new and rarely bestowed honor. She was made a Daughter of St. Mark by the Venetian Senate. The public coronation by the Venetian Ambassador followed this new dignity, and this gorgeous ceremonial preceded her recognition as Grand Duchess.

The Palazzo Vecchio was again the scene of her public, as it had been of her private triumph, and amid the plaudits of the multitude who cursed her as a witch in their hearts, Bianca Capello received her crown from the hands of the Venetian magnate; and was after the ceremony borne in a grand chair of state, and followed by a long procession into the cathedral where the Church lent its sanction to the deeds of the Republic of Venice, and did honor to the new Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

Bianca had triumphed over all her enemies. The state which had outlawed her, had now conferred its highest honor upon her. The family had not only forgiven her, but were her abject suitors for the favors which she could grant. Her highest dreams of ambition were accomplished at last.

But she did not long live to enjoy her triumphs. The brother of Duke Francisco, Cardinal Ferdinando, had always hated her, for her machinations had shut him out from the succession. The false heir whom she had palmed off upon Tuscany stood in his way; and the next heir to the throne knew well the whole plot in its every detail.

He was resolved on revenge, but in the fashion of those days he took a round-about and circuitous path to the end on which he was determined. He became *reconciled* to his brother and Bianca.

Was he not of the same family as Catharine de Medicis of France, and does not history tell us that she was never so dangerous as when she was gracious and sweet in her manners to her enemies?

This loving brother-in-law was all affection; he desired nothing so much as a reconciliation with the Grand Duke, and his new Duchess.

It was the early autumn, and the royal pair were at a villa a little way from Florence. The affectionate brother-in-law went to visit them there, and strange to say, not many days after his arrival the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess died most suddenly and suspiciously, either from the effects of a fever or from poison. Which was the truth?

The court said fever; the world said, and still says, poison administered by the loving and revered relative who visited them. But whatever the causes of the sudden deaths of the sovereigns the result was to open the pathway to their vacant throne for this most respectable Prelate.

By his orders all due funeral honors were paid to the dead Duke. He was dressed in his royal robes, and in grand procession borne to the gates of Florence, where another procession of bishops and clergy met the corpse, and accompanied it to its final resting place in the church of San Lorenzo.

Bianca was buried in the same edifice; but her remains had no such respect paid them. By the Cardinal's orders her body was wrapped only in a sheet and thrown into the common receptacle for dead paupers, under the nave of the church.

The priestly brother was at once freed from his vows of celibacy by the Pope, and ascended, without opposition, the throne of Tuscany. He married soon after, the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, and around this pair grew up sons and daughters of the Medicis race, that race which has been so great a curse, not only to Italy, but to other continental nations, and whose history is a disgrace to mankind.

THE MORE HASTE, THE LESS SPEED.

The woman suffragists have had a hope that the Legislature of Missouri would accede to their demands—a hope which we have not allowed ourselves to build upon.

The truth is, that some of the advocates of woman's suffrage, like some of the previous advocates of negro emancipation, have a habit of committing their cause too early to the risks of political defeat.

For instance, in 1860 the question of the black man's right to vote without a property qualification in the State of New York, was submitted to the people on the same day with the name of Abraham Lincoln in his first candidacy for the Presidency. The Republican party at that election cast a hundred thousand majority for Mr. Lincoln, but, on the other hand, allowed the negro to be defeated by an equally overwhelming number—thus putting two hundred votes as the measure of the distance between a white man's ambition and a black man's rights. Everybody felt that the sad result of that election was a temporary blow to the cause of negro suffrage. Our own judgment was against submitting the question at that inopportune time.

In like manner our judgment is against forcing the woman question too early upon political bodies which are sure to vote it down, and which thus give the army of the opposition a pretext for saying that the cause of woman's suffrage is going into decline.

Let us not be understood as shrinking from these rebuffs, or as fearing their effect. But there is a fit and an unfit season for reducing a moral or a social question to the form of a political or partisan issue. If the temperance movement in which so many good men and women are enthusiastically interested, were now to be every where forced into politics, and a verdict were asked in its favor at the ballot-box, it would be voted against by nine out of ten of all the citizens of the land. The woman question, if treated in the same way, would fare very much better, and yet not well enough to justify the resort to such action. We are not in favor of sluggishness; we believe in taking time by the forelock; we are well aware that the proper function of reformers is to be "instant in season and out of season;" but it is still true that the tendency of some of our agitators (whom we honor highly) is to rely too much on political strategy. Such snap-judgments are temporary victories but ultimate defeats. It is injudicious to force the State Legislatures into any attitude towards woman suffrage which a majority of the people do not ask for and will not approve. Like Alexander at Arabela, we do not wish to win our victory in the dark. Let the contest of opinion go forward among the people, and the people themselves will take care of their Legislatures. Our motto in such reforms is: Appeal to the public mind and compel it to think; and then Congress and the State Legislatures (which are mere weather-cocks of the popular breath) will themselves veer round and point out the right political action.

The Senate of Missouri has denied woman's enfranchisement simply and only because the great body of the people of that State are still afraid of the most beneficent reform of the nineteenth century.

A VICTIM'S PLAN.

The *Rochester Union and Advertiser* recently published a letter purporting to have been written by a fallen woman, and giving her scheme for the regulation of the "social evil," from which we clip the following paragraph:

"As a victim I am in favor of regulating it, and this is my plan: Have a record of all houses and their inmates. Also, allow no person to visit us without a pass from Justice Bryan; station a policeman at each house to receive the passes. Before a man receives a pass he must present a surgeon's certificate that he is free from disease. The names of all persons receiving a pass to be entered upon a book at the Police Office, said book to be free to public inspection.

Under this arrangement many clerks might lose their positions, and it might cause much domestic trouble. But in my opinion no person can claim it would be unfair to subject the men to the same rules and regulations you propose for us. Hoping this plan may be adopted, is the wish of an unfortunate."

A friend commenting upon this letter, says:

"I earnestly desire equal rights for the sexes, not only in education, work and wages, but also for men the right to the same approbrium for the same vices as women, and as much of it. Men are too prone to treat the social evil as a contamination to one sex only, and that not theirs; and I believe that keeping a register of the names of all masculines who feed on this evil for public inspection, would deter young men at least, from entering a downward career. I say welcome to the "domestic trouble" it might temporarily cause, for the sake of permanent good to the race and justice to all."

We heartily endorse these sentiments, and are fain to confess that this proposed mode of regulating vice, if there be not an implied infamy in the very term "regulating vice," is the very best ever offered. By all means let a register be kept of the male frequenters of disreputable houses. Let it be open to the inspection of mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts and friends, and then if you will, make sin legal, protect it and hedge it in by every imaginable device; we are willing to trust the consequences, to the outraged moral sentiments and the virtuous indignation of pure women.

THE POISON OF ASPS.

We heard not long ago of a clergyman who was killed out right by the persecutions of malicious backbiters. His nature was sensitive and highly wrought, his sense of honor, keen and lofty; and so, though an innocent man, the wagging of evil, aspic tongues, the cold and averted looks of neighbors and former friends, broke his heart.

It was a sad case, and those doubtless, who had wronged him were sorry when they saw the consequences of their ugly work. But it is a question whether they understood that it was a case of murder, and of a particularly aggravated kind.

One of the most appalling considerations connected with our social state is the ease with which a slanderer can rend a good name. Not one grain of truth is needed for the work; it is in fact done far better by lies. This species of malignancy is utterly irresponsible. You cannot clutch it any more than you can clutch a will-of-the-wisp, and its power is more deadly than that of the star chamber tribunal, or the thousand-eyed inquisition.

What are called stories about, the personal affairs of men and women, pervade the air like a fog. They creep into houses through every crack and cranny, and no one can tell from whence they came. There is absolutely no species of redress for the horrible martyrdom to which gossip dooms its victims. The law protects property, but it has no jurisdiction over reputation, which is a thousand times more precious; that lies open to the depredations of every thief or vagabond. The ditcher under your window, can do you more mischief in a single hour, than you can undo by years of noble, irreproachable living. Let it be said of a woman "she has had stories about her," and nobody stops to investigate or inquire into the facts, but the stones are quickly cast, and God pity her lacerated heart. A long unblemished life goes for nothing before the sudden breath of malice and slander. Everybody is more ready to believe evil than good of his neighbor. The public feeds on the carrion of foul insinuations, and there is no power on earth strong enough to disabuse some minds of suspicions, of which they have no more proof than the ancients had when they constructed their cosmography, and placed the earth on the back of a serpent.

Sister women, we ask you, in consideration of the millstones that are hung round innocent necks, of the brand that is burned into quivering hearts, of the torture that is inflicted by calumny, misrepresentation, and evil constructions, by the wrecks made of good lives, what is your duty towards other women who are hunted down by a corrupt public sentiment? Paraphrasing the noble old Roman's words, nothing that concerns woman is alien to you. The barbed arrow that pierces another's bosom may sometime reach your own. In view of the common tie so often overlooked, when women, humanly speaking, show themselves,

"A little more than kin, and less than kind,"

I beseech of you to extend as much charity towards your sister as is granted to the common felon in the prisoner's dock; believe her innocent until she has been proved guilty. This cannot lower the tone of public morality, it will only bring a little heaven's of own mercy to bear upon cases where male or female gossips meet together and make mincemeat of good names.

There is no reproach brought upon the sex so hard to meet as the charge that women love scandal, and roll shameful stories like sweet morsels under the tongue. Never will this stigma be removed until women themselves create a purer moral sentiment. We are the keepers of our sisters' good name. If we abuse or neglect the trust, there is sin upon our skirts. Morally, it is better to set fire to the house over her head, or to purloin the money from her purse than to taint the most sacred of all possessions—character.

Women are culpable for entertaining evil suspicions of other women, and more deeply still for disseminating them. A woman should as readily commit a sin against her own soul as to spread rumors, for the truth of which she cannot vouch. It ought to be looked upon in the light of a crime. The reputations of the best and noblest beings can be made a common, and trampled by the hoofs of swine. The clack of idle tongues, the gabble of brainless, irresponsible people, judging others through prurient imaginations can make our daily bread bitter between the teeth. Women must be loyal toward each other before they can ever expect mercy from the public. They must reject the worst and harshest construction for the outward manifestations of human lives, and adopt, if not the best, at least one that does not shut the gates of mercy wholly down upon the suspected. They must recognize the bond of sisterhood, and stand by each other in the hour of need when the curs of society yelp at the heels of those who have no means of defence, who are utterly powerless and prostrate before their unseen, irresponsible thousand tongued accusers, and yet may be as guiltless of what they are charged as angels of light.

WHIFFLERS.

There are "pigeon-livered" people who engage in every reform, put their hands to the plough, and then, we are sorry to say, look back, abandon their hold, slip into the old conservative tracks, and begin to criticise, if not villify, those with whom they have previously professed to stand shoulder to shoulder.

These persons are not wicked, but they are weak. Their moral instincts are dominated by taste and temperament. Their convictions of great truths struggle feebly with dillitante, over-refined notions of persons and manners, and are literally choked to death by irrelevant considerations.

If people engage in reforms it is not to be supposed that they select that particular kind of work because it is going to bring them in contact with nice people of exactly their kind, or secure their social enjoyments and save their pet corns from the tread of rude feet, better than the old conservative paths. One imagines, perhaps vainly, that they have grasped a principle, which it is of real, vital moment to the world to get established, and that they mean to carry this principle wherever a sense of duty calls. One cherishes some foolish notions about the self-abnegation of people who start so fair, and hugs a good many delusions that are destined with increased experience to fade away.

The class which we designate as whifflers in reform are easily disgusted. They have sensitive nerves and weak stomachs, and a shiver or a qualm takes all pith and marrow from their enterprise. They are constantly shocked by the manner, the apparel, the weak-kneed logic, or the strange and bizarre ways of their co-workers. One foolish speech or act from a person of more zeal than knowledge is sufficient to tumble down into indistinguishable ruin the whole structure of their convictions.

When a house is on fire we are not apt to inquire into the character and antecedents of those who stand next us in the line, trying to pass along the buckets. It is so in reforms; for, without pressing and immediate necessity, they could not find an excuse to be. To judge of the ultimate results of proposed measures by any and everybody that may chance to say, "I am of Paul, or I am of Apollos," is like judging of the capability of a sculptor by the symmetry of his own form. Reformers are not the results of reforms, for reforms found them and made them simply mouth-pieces for the utterance of certain truths as the composer makes use of the various instruments of the orchestra to express his composition. The lord of the harvest is greater than the harvest, and the principle of reform is greater than all reformers.

Those who put the cart before the horse and look at persons instead of principles will be fairly liable to take their places in the ranks of the whifflers. Reformers are not exempt from human frailty; they have passions like unto other men and women. They do not enjoy entire immunity from saying or doing unwise things. As a class, they are brave, strong, courageous, and self-sacrificing; but they are not and cannot be responsible for all who wish to further their own personal ends by the use of a party name.

If a cause is good and desirable in itself, the earnest mind that espouses it will never be injured by any contact to which it may be subjected in its chosen work. It is egregious weakness to declare that a cause has failed because this, that, or the other person, upon whom we pinned our faith, has failed to come up to all our expectations, many of them, doubtless, absurdly unreasonable.

There is no name under heaven by which reform can be successfully carried but the name of principle. Let us cheerfully cling to it and work for it, making whatever sacrifices of personal feeling it may demand. When people say, as they frequently do, "I believed in the woman cause until I heard the sayings and saw the doings of certain persons," they are uttering self-condemnation. A fancy is not a faith; a faith is what we want—faith that knows no variableness nor shadow of turning.

SOME SOCIAL REFORMS.

Some of the meaningless and injurious customs of fashionable society are receiving the attention of sensible people out West. Among other things, they are trying to do away with late hours at parties; and if they could carry their point, and make it an established usage throughout the land, we believe they would add materially to the health and longevity of our young women.

The dissipations of a single season, made up of excitement, unhealthy dressing, exposure, and late suppers, undoubtedly prove more fatal to delicate girls than all the contagions put together. They do not, perhaps unfortunate-

ly, kill at once, but lay the train for all manner of female disorders.

It would appear as if some special spite and malignancy must have decreed the hours at which people now assemble to begin what is called an evening. Why is there less *eclat* and distinction about seven than nine, or eight than ten? This custom of assembling in a gay company, just at the time when people ought to be going to bed, is certainly an invention of the old enemy. The results are listlessness, headache, loss of appetite, and nervous irritability. A girl foots it through the German until three or four in the morning, partakes of a supper made up of the most indigestible viands, and the next day she is like a limp rag from which the starch has been thoroughly washed.

American girls are frequently reared like hot-house plants—allowed to live without the open air exercise, calculated to impart any degree of vigor, and then, three or four times a week, during the season, are subjected to exposure, such as a strong man could not brave with impunity. There is nothing more merciless than fashion when it obliges a delicate girl, in cold winter weather, to take off the under-garments to which she is accustomed, and put on a thin, low-necked, short-sleeved dress, just as she is about to engage in the most violent exercise she is ever likely to take. She sits down after the mad whirl of the redowa or galop in a complete glow, her bare shoulders and arms utterly unprotected, and if the result is not bronchia, sore throat, or lung difficulty, she has been saved as by a miracle. Were such treatment inflicted by mothers upon their daughters as a punishment, it would be considered the height of cruelty.

Worse than this, is the late supper. The stomach and alimentary canal must be made of cast iron to endure without injury, night after night, the infliction of rich salads curiously prepared, highly seasoned fish, flesh and fowl, confectionaries and creams. Without the blessed intervention of Lent, which has ceased with Protestants, at last, to be a solemn fast, and has shaded off into a sort of sanitary measure to prevent people from absolutely putting an end to themselves by dissipation, one is fain to believe our fashionable girls would never get their digestive organs into anything like decent working order.

The delicate sensibilities of these young creatures would be dreadfully shocked at mention of the hari-kari; but many by an immmeasurably slow process are just as surely killing themselves. Disease and death lurk under the roses of gay assemblies. If Banquo's ghost does not rise at the groaning table, other visions not much less tragic, in the form of diseased livers, aching heads, imperfect digesiion, suffering and rebellious stomachs, and that thousand-armed devil fish, as it may be called, of all the diseases flesh is heir to, dyspepsia appear unto thoughtful eyes.

Why can't the European custom of offering fruit and harmless viands to guests at evening companies, be adopted in this country; or is it necessary to increase the mad excitement of gaiety by violating every known law of health? But few men, after what are called dancing days are over—and these can be said to last only during the "vealy" period—can stand the late hours and hot suppers. The women disappear from these scenes before the age of thirty five; too many of them, alas! go to the invalids' couch, and the confinement of the sick chamber. As society is led by young girls, we appeal to such of them as have more brains under their frizzed locks than in their dancing shoes, and who do not relish the prospect of becoming half moribund creatures, faded, lifeless, scentless things, like last months' boquet to distinguish themselves by setting the sensible fashions of early hours and light suppers, and thus do an immense service to the sex.

BEING AND DOING.

One of the catch-words or phrases of the time is, that woman ought to be, not do. Goethe's saying, that self-culture is higher than action, is twisted and contorted in a manner the great German doubtless never dreamed of. People talk as if to be good, great, noble and refined, were simply the result of assertion, and not of endeavor. What does culture imply but intense mental activity? Culture which is directed to no purpose and fulfils no end, is very dreary. Women have heard enough of it, and have too frequently been misled by the high sounding claptrap of its advocates.

A city clergyman, as reported by a daily paper, recently said:

"The great thing for woman is not to vote but to *be;* not to dabble in politics, but to acquire personal and moral power; not to strut and storm on platforms and fill the papers with echoes of their rantings, but to fill themselves with ennobling culture and make the world better by their beneficence. The emancipation of woman is not to come from her getting something but from her being somebody, and acting upon society as an intellectual and moral force like the sunlight and gravitation. It is strength and not splutter that tells, whether for individual or public welfare.

If the great thing is to be, men had better stop dabbling in politics at once, for, from a human stand-point, culture is as necessary to them as to the other sex. When men begin to be somebodies beside stock jobbers, money changers, slaves of the yard-stick, pot-house politicians—in fact when men begin to have souls above the almighty dollar, it will be time for women to turn their whole attention to self-perfection, but until that period they had better not, for they could find no suitable mates.

We would humbly inquire how people are to get strength of body or soul without activity, and by activity we understand, doing. This kind of counsel to women to be all and do nothing, reminds one of what Cowper calls

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

It is an endless road that leads nowhere, it is a staircase that mounts and winds and winds, and mounts and comes to nothing. We don't think God has made any mistake in putting a strong and inextinguishable belief into our souls, that man's faculties and woman's faculties were made for something; that He had a purpose in giving us the desire for achievement; and moreover, that His creatures can not worthily be somebodies without doing something.

We too believe in ennobling culture for women, and also for men. It is the imperative need of both sexes, and the only way to redeem multitudes of lives. If a woman's culture is worth anything, under her hands, the circumstances of life will become plastic, and instead of sinking the woman in the drudge and mere household machine, she will exalt and beautify all she touches. Women need culture in order to do their work better; and never, until labor becomes the ally of culture, will the stigma which blights it be removed.

If some women "strut and storm on platforms, and fill the papers with echoes of their ranting," considering how much of this sort of thing is done by men, it really makes but little difference, it is like adding a few bucketsful of water to the river.

Seriously speaking, we have the greatest objections to "cant" and "splutter." We believe women ought to have the ballot as a means of higher education, not to speak of other aspects of the same question. The real activities of women, that lie above and beyond all sound and fury, are making extraordinary progress: and those men who call out to the busy workers, and tell them to hold their hands, might as well speak to the dead.

WOMAN AND ARTIST.

The immense curiosity attaching to the person of any woman who has had her name brought before the public is one of the greatest impediments to the securing of a fair judgment of work done by female hands. It is the height of bad taste, as well as injustice, to make a pretended art criticism the stalking horse behind which slurs are cast at the personality of the artist.

One reason why the arrows glance off from the work and hit the artist, especially if the artist happen to be a women, is because it is far easier to give a sneering, semi-ridiculous sketch of the manners, dress and appearance of the woman than it is to present any intelligent reason for approving or condemning the work. A vitiated public appetite is greedy for such gossip, and ready to swallow the implication that a woman, because she is young and pretty and "gushing," wears curls, and has fascinating manners, can do nothing that is worthy a careful and enlightened judgment. We would inquire if it is absolutely necessary for a woman to be ugly in order to execute a good statue or paint a good picture, and, in short, what the color of her hair and eyes has to do with the matter? Is it incumbent on us to suppose because she is not a positive fright she must necessarily bejuggle and cheat, cajole and bamboozle every man she comes anear?

It is an insult to anything like respectable criticism to lug these considerations into what purports to be a writer's unbiased opinion of a work of art.

There have not been a dozen decent critiques on Miss Ream's Lincoln statue, considered by itself apart, from the girl who wrought it, and most of these have been in a high degree favorable; but people all over the country, without any personal inspection of the statue, have condemned her out of hand because she is reported young, pretty and bewitching. Out West, where she lived in her early girlhood, all manner of stories have been raked up as to her flirtations and harmless school-day pranks. Every feature of her face, every look, every tress of what one writer calls her "flashing hair," has been analyzed to prove the unworthy influence it was assumed she exercised over Senators and Representatives to secure the commission.

In contrast to this is the manner in which men are treated. Not long since, Mr. H. K. Brown placed a statue of Lincoln in Union Square. It is a noticeably bad piece of work,

and leaves only a melancholy impression of feebleness on the mind of the beholder. The newspapers made fun of it, and exhausted their stores of ridicule in squibs on the brazen image. But Mr. Brown was let alone. Nobody peeped into his parlor windows, or reported the color of his hair and the cut of his neck-tie. The statue was unmercifully handled; but the man was allowed to go his way in peace.

Women must be governed by exactly the same rules which govern men in the world of art. All they have any right to ask is a fair field and no favor. If they are idiotic enough to demand anything more on the score of sex they deserve to fail miserably; but they also have a right to demand that their work shall be judged as artistic work, and not as woman's work. The cool impudence with which criticism is turned aside from the production and directed to the woman, deserves unsparing censure. With Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, Emma Stebbins, Edmonia Lewis, Lily Spencer, and many others, a woman artist ought not to be as great a curiosity as the wonderful gyascutus, and there ought to be decency and right feeling in the public mind sufficient to denounce the shameful ordeal to which Miss Ream has been subjected.

All we ask is that as sharp a line of demarkation be drawn between woman and artist, as between man and artist. Let the work receive all merited abuse; but spare the woman. This will prevent the weak drivel which percolates through judgments of feminine work, apart from real work. It is mischievous in the extreme to show one particle of leniency towards the work of a woman which would not be shown towards the same work done by a man. Charlotte Bronte was too weak to bear the storm of abuse and fulsome patronage which she knew would be raised around her ears should she boldly acknowledge her sex, and Miss Ream is suffering to-day from the barbed arrows from which she shrank.

We do not make ourselves a special pleader for Miss Ream. We have not seen her statue, but we have read the miserable, irrelevant attacks made upon her in the newspapers, and we are convinced that her individuality has been shamefully invaded. What she is as a woman is nobody's business; what she has done as an artist is the business of all the world. We protest against the wretched persecution to which she has been subjected, and feel that the outrages upon women her case so forcibly illustrates, ought to be summarily denounced by the more decent and self-respecting portion of the press.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The Essex county Suffrage Society of New Jersey, held its annual convention at Newark, on the 15th of February. The officers chosen for the ensuing year are as follows:

President—Mary F. Davis.
Vice-Presidents—John Whitehead, Esq., Miss Eliza Chase, Rev. Sumner Ellis, and Mrs. Henrietta W. Johnson.
Executive-Committee—Mrs. M. W. Ravenhill, Dr. S. B Brittan, F. W. Baldwin, Mrs. M. C. Kirby, Miss Fannie Love.
Recording Secretary—Miss Ella Prentiss.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Cornelia C. Hussey.
Treasurer—Mrs. Lizzie Prentiss.

A State society was also organized, and among other officers elected were those given below:

President—John Whitehead, Esq., Morristown.
Vice-Presidents—Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Somerville; Mayor Ricord, Newark; Portia Gage, Vineland; Hon. James L. Hays, Newark; Mrs. Lillie M. Spencer, Newark; Isaac Stevens, Trenton; Wm. H. Murphy, Newark; Hon. James H. Nixon, Millville; Mrs. Mary M. Peebles, Hammonton; Dr. James Brotherton, Belvidere; Rev. J. B. Harrison, Montclair; A. J. Davis, Orange; Deborah Butler, Vineland; Wm. D. Cowan, Newark; Judge Jesse Williams, Orange; Caroline A. Paul, Vineland; Dr. S. B. Brittan, Newark.

A number of excellent resolutions were passed of which our space only permits us to print the following:

Resolved, That woman, while in the exercise of her ordinary faculties, has a God-given right to the disposition of her own person, and to the undisputed possession of her offspring during the periods of childhood and early youth; that she is her own mistress and the rightful arbiter of her individual destiny; and that the marriage covenant, divinely interpreted and rationally understood, ought not to involve the sacrifice of her personal freedom in any of the relations of life.

Resolved, That we respectfully but earnestly insist, that whatever obstacles man may have placed in the pathway of woman, in the shape of unequal laws, limited opportunities for education, restrictions imposed upon the freedom of her choice, in respect to companionship and occupation, and in the arbitrary usurpation of all the powers of government, should be removed out of the way, to the end that she may be free—free to determine her own relations in life, the nature of her employments, and thus have every way opened up before her, that either invites to usefulness or leads to honorable distinction.

STRATEGY IN WAR; OR, HOW TO GAIN THE BALLOT.

BY HARRIET S. BROOKS.

"The 'beautiful female lobbyist' is one of the most numerous and irrepressible of the demoralizing institutions of Washington. The evil influence exercised in this way over the potent, grave and bald-headed old codgers of Congress appals the honest men and disgusts and infuriates the virtuous women of the National Capital. A letter writer says: "There is one golden-haired goddess here with rosy cheeks and Cleopatra's form, whose influence is said to be never exerted in vain; and at her nod, or the glance of her pretty eye, she can bring any of our Solons to kneel at her pretty feet." Something ought to be done at once to suppress these captivating sirens. Wouldn't it be a good thing to organize a special Capitol police, composed of the homeliest and most severely virtuous of the wives of members, station a squad in each of the rooms attached to the halls of the Senate and House, and permit no interviews between lobbyists and legislators, except in the presence of one or more of these guardians? Our impression is that, under such an arrangement, the regions round about the Capitol would soon be made too hot to hold the seductive 'golden-haired goddesses,' now addicted to lobbying dalliance with the venerable old spooneys who sell subsidies for smiles and offices for assignations."

The above article has been going the rounds of the press. Will not some of our efficient women, who are not "of the homeliest," and whose virtue is of the *merciful* type rather than the *severe*—whose lives are a crown of glory to themselves, take this practical suggestion, as to a "police organization of women," into their immediate consideration. This looks like efficient work, and will be a powerful aid in getting a hearing in regard to woman suffrage. It would be a sort of flank movement upon the enemy, who, in order to defend themselves, might conclude it necessary to throw out the bait of suffrage. I venture to say that, if a self-organized band of women police were on duty, neither money nor the hopes of office would lug them off from their legitimate work; at least, nothing short of the ballot and personal freedom for women. So let us have a police force of women established at the Capitol, whose business it shall be to look after those "golden-haired goddesses" and the "venerable old spoonies who sell subsidies for smiles and offices for assignations."

NEW YORK CITY WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

The usual weekly meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association was held Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Lillie D. Blake in the chair. Mrs Gilbert delivered a lecture on "Shakspeare and his Relation to Woman." The lecture embraced a variety of topics. She said that Shakspeare never believed in the subjection of woman, for if he did he would not have attained the undying fame which he has, and his very existence would have long since been forgotten. The heroines whom he delighted to honor would nowadays be regarded as strong-minded women. From Shakspeare the lecturer diverged to the social evil. She said that the Government had no right to try and legalize it because it might bring them in some additional revenue. We have seen the deplorable condition of society in France, owing to this sin being legalized. It is against all moral decency. What we want is the enfranchisement of woman, and that we must get. With the enfranchisement of woman the millennium will be ushered in. The lecturer concluded amid loud applause.

Several ladies debated at some length on the merits and demerits of the lecture. The question of female criminal lawyers was discussed, and the meeting declared itself in favor of them.

Mr. Poole, the Treasurer, resigned his position, as he was going away, and Mrs. Wilbour was appointed in his place. Owing to the lengthy remarks made by some ladies, the by-laws were read, showing that only ten minutes were to be allowed each speaker. The meeting then adjourned.

Book Table.

THE SCIENCE OF EVIL; or, First Principles of Human Action. Together with three lectures; Salvation and Damnation before birth; or, the Scientific and Theological methods of Salvation compared. Sunday: Its History, Uses and Abuses. Prayer: the True and False methods compared. By John Moody, Topeka, Kansas. Crane and Byron.

This volume, which is the first literary work ever published in the State of Kansas, is convincing evidence of the rapid progress of the Arts in that growing State. This book, we believe, is entirely a home production, paper, etc., and as such deserves commendation. We think, however, that the title which the author has given to his work is a misnomer. The meaning would be better expressed, perhaps, by "A Scientific View of Evil," as we do not think that the knowledge we have of evil is sufficient, or sufficiently digested, even with the aid of this work, to justify us in raising it to the dignity of a science. The aim of the author in this work, which might be called one of the "Scientific Works of the Period," is to prove that there is no evil, for evil is not good in disguise. Evils are spurs which urge mankind onward in his progress to perfection, which, however, is impossible, as perfection, like the will 'o the wisp, but recedes the farther the more we advance.

"Evil then results from imperfection."

The arguments adduced in support of the positions assumed, are many of them able, and though we differ in the conclusion drawn by our author, we must admit he occupies strong ground. Although we cannot coincide altogether in the view taken, and the course recommended in the treatment of "the social evil," in chapter VIII, we infinitely prefer it to the bungling work our Legislatures are making of it. We advise them to read this chapter, and try and gain some wisdom before they attempt any more wild work in this direction. In the lecture on Sunday there is a large amount of research and study revealed, but we are not convinced that the abolishment of Sunday, or marked differences in the mode of spending it, would be a gain, and the same may be said of Prayer. Prayer, even though it never reaches the ear of God, purifies and strengthens the heart for the trials of life. The arguments on Prayer, Sunday, etc., will be sufficient to make this book incur the denunciation and condemnation of the religious and conservative portion of the community, but will, we believe, be productive of good in the attention and thought excited. We notice on page 284, a slight error, where the author says, "No man under judicial sentence in all christendom, can be hung by the neck until dead, on any day except Friday." In the State of Pennsylvania, since the administration of Governor Geary, criminals may be hanged on any day of the week, except, we presume, on Sunday.

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The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name thought too ungentle to represent the sex for who it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

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ORIGIN OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.

Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow, and brought with him a friend from Salem. After dinner the friend said, "I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story based upon a legend of Acadie and still current there; the legend of a girl, who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital, when both were old." Longfellow wondered that this legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him: "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you give it to me for a poem?" To this Hawthorne assented, and moreover promised not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. And so we have "Evangeline" in beautiful hexameters —a poem that will hold its place in literature while true affection lasts. Hawthorne rejoiced in this great success of Longfellow, and loved to count up the editions, both foreign and American, of this now world-renowned poem.—*James T. Fields.*

LADY.

A correspondent of an English paper gives the following as the derivation of the word "lady:" "It is not probably generally understood that the term is compounded of two Saxon words, 'leaf' or 'laf,' signifying a 'loaf of bread,' and 'dian,' to 'give or to serve.' It was customary in times of old for those families whom God had blessed with wealth and affluence to give away regularly a portion of 'bread' and other food to those poor families in their respective parishes and neighborhoods who might stand in need of assistance, and on such occasions the 'lady' of the family, or mistress of the household, herself personally officiated distributing with her own hands the daily or weekly dole. Hence she was called the 'laf-dy,' or the 'bread-givers;' and in course of time this would, like many others in our English language, became abbreviated to its present expressive form of 'lady.' An English writer of the last century, in reference to this derivation of 'lady,' observes that 'the meaning of this word is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it;' yet it is from that hospitable custom that to this day the ladies in this kingdom alone carve and serve the meat at their own tables."

THE BACHELOR JUROR.

A gentleman who is rather given to story-telling, relates the following:

When I was a young man I spent several years in the South, residing for a while at Port Hudson on the Mississippi River. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to get excused.

On my name being called I informed his honor, the Judge, that I was not a freeholder, and therefore not qualified to serve.

"I am stopping for the time being at Port Hudson."

"You board at the hotel I presume?"

"I take my meals, but have rooms in another part of the town where I lodge."

"So you keep bachelor's hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"About six months."

"I think you are qualified," gravely remarked the judge; "for I have never known a man to keep bachelors hall the length of time you name who had not dirt enough in his room to make him a free holder! The Court does not excuse you."

—A Quaker lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress as follows:

"Hum—yea and verily, Penelope, the spirit urgeth and moveth me wonderfully to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone."

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WHAT A GIRL HAS DONE.

The following interesting letter appeared recently in the Washington *Chronicle*: "Some fifteen years ago Paul Akers, the sculptor, whose name is venerated by all lovers of art, occupied a studio on Pennsylvania avenue. I was an almost daily visitor at that studio, first as a sitter, then with friends. As his guest, I often saw there a bright, beautiful child, singing her little songs and playing in her own way. She had large black eyes, a mass of tangled curls fell over her neck and dimpled shoulders, and half hid the bright eyes. Her tiny hands were elbow-deep in the clay, and if asked what she was doing, her merry, ringing laugh always came before the answer: "I am making a lady." It was marvellous to see the hands and feet and heads of the little workwoman's modeling.

One day Mr. Akers picked up a head and, showing it to me, said: "That head gives more evidence of genius than all that—[an artist who shall be nameless]—ever did." Studying it still more carefully, he said: "Note my words; that child has real genius, and will make her mark, some day, in the art world.

A short time since I called on Miss Vinnie Ream, and found again the child whose name I had entirely forgotten, but whose face at once recalled the little elf I had been so interested in years ago.

I was struck, on first seeing the Lincoln statue, with her handling of the hair. Unconsciously to herself she no doubt gained much of her freedom in those early play-days. It was a brave thing for her to ask for this commission of Congress, and a brave thing for them to give it, seeing she was only a woman with no artistic reputation; but in doing it they have done honor to themselves. She knew what was in her, and has accomplished her task. It was the true heart alone of a woman that could interpret the divine impulse of his soul in that solemn glad hour—the sublimest which ever came to man, even the birth of a nation—then when his heart was laid upon the heart of God. What other expression should we ask than the tenderness and humility of the womanly soul that was in the man? Such at least is the reading which I find in that purest of pure marble statues. P. W. DAVIS.

HOMER'S RESPECT FOR WOMAN.

To be sure, he has sketched a Circe and a Grecian Lady Macbeth, namely, Clytemnestra, who could plead, however, that her conduct was justified by the *lex talionis* for the sacrifice of her daughter at Aulis. But the general impression of the heroic woman derived from Homer is favorable. Nausicaa is a sweet creature, and Penelope is represented as a true woman and most exemplary housewife. Virgil, the Latin disciple of Homer, had an ascetic taint in his blood, and was, moreover, a shy, rustical fellow, too timid to ingratiate himself with the sex, and so he abused them. But his Dido is his best character—a noble, high-souled woman, whose only defect was her weakness for that wooden personage, "pious Æneas." She was doomed to be guilty of that folly, however, by the higher powers, as Titania was made to caress and fondle the asinine, Bottom. But if Homer is catholic and orthodox on the woman question, several later and inferior Greek poets were not. Hesiod, for instance, who was a sort of Poor Richard's Almanac versifier, and supplied the Greeks with all their mean penny-wisdom, and was known as the Helots' poet, is naturally enough extremely ungallant towards the sex, as such a low clod-hopper of a bard was sure to be. In his Works and Days, and Theogony both, he represents that Jupiter created woman in a fit of spite against Prometheus, because he had stolen fire from Helios, and thereby taught men the mechanic arts, and so rendered them capable of civilization.—*B. W. Ball.*

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—Many may remember the story of three Aldermens' ladies playing at the game, "I love my love with a letter." The first began, "I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustice;" the second, "I love my love with an N, because he is a Night;" the third, "I love my love with an F, because he is a Fisician." It was the "Gustice" himself who gave the famous toast at a literary dinner: "The three R's—Reading, Riting and Rithmetic."

—One day in spring, Sir Walter Scott strolled forth with Lady Scott to enjoy a walk around Abbottsford. In their wanderings they passed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolics of their lambs. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful animals," returned her ladyship, "especially with mint sauce."

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Lyceum Committees or others desirous of hearing Miss Townsend can obtain full information by addressing her at the office of THE REVOLUTION.

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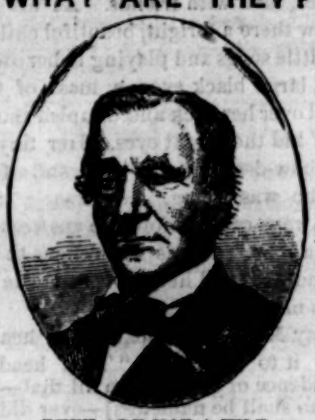

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